

# The Mirror

OF

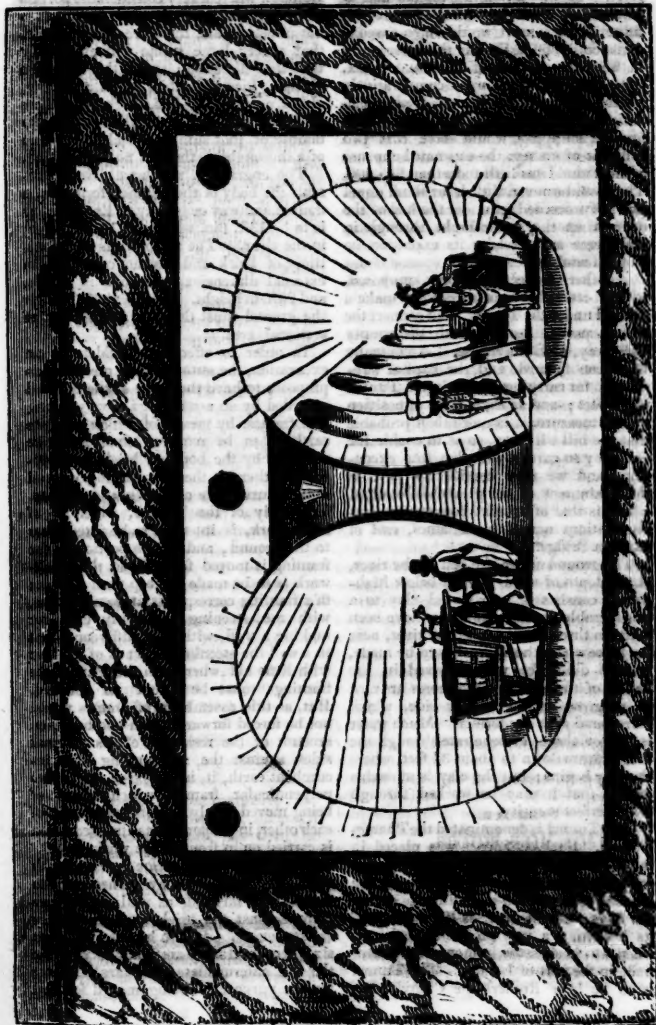
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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Tunnel under the River Thames.



VOL. III.

V

Among the romantic projects of an enterprising people may be mentioned that of a Tunnel under the River Thames. In 1798, Mr. Ralph Dodd proposed a Tunnel of this description from Gravesend to Tilbury Fort. The plan was to form a cylindrical Tunnel of 16 feet in diameter, and 30 feet under the bed of the river. It was a noble project, and if carried into effect would have been of infinite service, as it would have saved a distance of 50 miles in the intercourse between the counties of Kent and Essex. The expense, too, was comparatively trifling; for while a bridge, even if elevation sufficient could have been given for the shipping, would have cost two millions of money, the estimated expense of the Tunnel was little more than £15,000. The plan, however, failed, for the Tunnel had not proceeded far under the bed of the river, when the water broke through in such force as to render its execution no longer feasible.

Another project has been proposed, with a better chance of success, to make a Tunnel under the Thames, and connect the eastern part of London with the county of Surrey, at Rotherhithe. A company has been formed, and the capital subscribed, for carrying the projected Tunnel into effect; and as there is no opposition to the measure, it is more than probable that the bill will pass, so as to enable the company to carry their plan into execution: and we may confidently look to the attainment of the great desideratum, which is that of opening convenient communications across the Thames, east of London Bridge.

The ground under the bed of the river, at the depth of about 34 feet below high-water, consists of substantial clay to a considerable depth; 30 bores have been taken in three lines across the river, near the place where the Tunnel is to be made, and no difference was observed in the nature of the strata; other bores are now in progress on the Surrey side, which correspond with the former. Much water is met on shore, to penetrate through the first stratum down to about 34 feet, where the clay begins; but the clay is of such a nature, that it may be worked through with perfect security.

This Tunnel is denominated the Thames Tunnel. Such confidence was placed in the projector, and the plan itself appeared so practicable, that the shares to the amount of £200,000 were filled in a very few days; indeed, there is little doubt of its becoming a very productive concern, when we consider the immense increase of trade in the port of London. The Tunnel is to be near Rotherhithe Church; its

distance from the London Bridge is greater than that of the London Bridge from the Westminster Bridge on the Surrey side. It will form a more direct communication between four counties, and will open a very short way between the West India and East India Docks, in particular with Tooley-street, and that part of the Borough where a very considerable portion of the coasting trade is carried on. It is not unreasonable, therefore, to anticipate, that a very large traffic will eventually take that direction: and if the Waterloo Bridge, inconsiderable as its traffic is, clears upwards of £13,000 a-year, there is good ground to calculate upon the double of that sum as the clear revenue of a thoroughfare that has no competition.

The engraving, which we give, represents the body of the Tunnel, formed of a double archway or gallery. Each gallery is to be 13ft. 6in. wide, and 15 feet high, in the clear. The structure is to be entirely of brick and Roman cement; the external dimensions are 35ft. in width, and 20ft. in height. The opening through the ground must therefore be 700 feet of sectional area.

In order to effect so considerable an excavation, the author of the present plan proposes to have the body of the Tunnel preceded by an assemblage of very strong iron frames, by means of which no more earth is to be removed than is to be replaced by the body of brick-work, retaining thereby the surrounding ground in its natural state of density and solidity. The body of the Tunnel, which is of brick-work, is intended to be fitted close to the ground, and, in proportion as the framing is moved forward, so the brick-work is to be made to keep pace with it; this framing corresponds, in some degree, with the steining commonly used for making a well, with this difference, that in a well the steining descends of itself or with little aid, whereas in the Tunnel the framings must be forced on forward. But, as this assemblage of frames would not be forced forward all in one body, on account of the resistance of its external sides against the surrounding and incumbent earth, it is composed of twelve perpendicular frames, which admit of being moved singly and independently of each other, in proportion as the excavation is carried on in front of the work.

These several frames are provided with such mechanism as may be necessary to move them forward, as well as to secure them against the brick-work when they are stationary. It is to be observed, that six alternate frames are stationary, while the six intermediate ones are left free for the purpose of being moved forward.

when required; these, in their turn, are made stationary for relieving the six alternate ones, and so on. Thus the progressive movement of the framing can be effected.

In order that a sufficient number of hands may be employed together with effect and security, each frame is divided into three small distinct apartments, which may properly be denominated cells. By this disposition the twelve frames form thirty-six cells, in which the men are to operate for excavating the ground. It is to be observed, that the ground in front of each cell is kept from falling in, by means of a powerful shield, consisting of small boards, strongly secured by frames. It is from within these cells that each workman is to cut out the ground, just in the way that he would do if he were to cut out a recess into a wall for the purpose of fitting a closet into it; but with this precaution, that he is to remove each board, one after the other, and replace each in succession as he cuts the portion of the ground corresponding with it. When he has thus gained from three to six inches over the whole surface (an operation which it is expected may be made in all the cells nearly in the same time,) the frames are moved forward, and so much of the brick-work added to the body of the Tunnel. Thus intrenched and secure, thirty-six men may be made to carry on an excavation which is 700 feet superficial area, in regular order and uniform quantities, with as much facility and safety as if one drift only of 19 feet square was to be opened by one man.

The declivity of the roadway of the Tunnel under the river, will not exceed three feet per hundred feet; and that of the approaches, whether they are circular or straight, is not intended to exceed four feet per hundred feet. The whole is to be well lighted up all the way.

### ON DUELLING.

(For the Mirror.)

DUELLING, no doubt, originated in the judicial combats of the Gothic nations, and the prevalence of that barbarous custom, one of the worst legacies inherited from our feudal ancestors, has been the theme of many able writers, who have ventured to express their doubts of its general evil tendency, alleging that it renders bravery and boldness necessary to the exclusion of weakness and paltriness; whilst others hesitate not in their complete condemnation, on the ground that a duel neither proves the guilt or innocence of the parties engaged,

but leaves the question precisely in the same state after the contest that it was before.

Montesquieu, in his work on the Spirit of Laws, clearly shews the origin of duelling, to be derived from the manners and customs of feudal times, and gives us a ludicrous idea of these extravagancies, and of what jurisprudence then consisted. "The accused," says he, "commenced by declaring" before the judge, that such a person had committed such an action; the accused party replied, by saying he was a *liar*; upon which the judge ordered a duel to be fought by them. Thus it became a *legal maxim*, that when any one had been told he lied, a duel must follow as a matter of necessity."

Such is the cause of our still fighting when the *lie* is given—with this difference, however, that in those barbarous times, it was conformable to existing laws, whereas it is now completely in opposition to those under which we live. It is, no doubt, a gross act of impoliteness, to tell any one he *has told a lie*; but since we can say the same thing in different terms, without giving any offence, since the fact is the same, why should a change in the method of expressing it, render a statement so outrageous, that the offended party must needs attempt taking the life of him who made it, while he risks his own?

People vainly attempt to excuse this dreadful practice, by an appeal to existing prejudices, the point of honour, &c.; but surely the highest honour in a free state, consists in fulfilling the duties of a good citizen; and it is scarcely necessary to say, that the first of these duties is to respect the laws, never substituting his own will for them; suffering patiently rather than participating in their violation. On the other hand, to shew ourselves superior to an insult, is frequently the most honourable mode of proving that we are in the right; for, according to a celebrated writer, "generosity is better than vengeance in the punishment of many an offence." The famous Duke de Montausier, he, who, when Moliere read the *Misanthrope* to him, exclaimed, with so much warmth, "Ah! how I should like to resemble that man," while governor of the Dauphine.

Such was the conduct and reasoning suggested by ignorance and superstition in former days—so that the tribunals appointed to administer justice, ordered the litigants to fight a duel, for the purpose of ascertaining which of them had reason on his side. If any man was accused of having committed murder it was necessary that he should kill another fellow-creature, to prove that the charge was false and calumnious.

phin, made some representations to the latter, which were so badly received, that the august scholar carried his anger so far as to say—"If I had a pistol in my hand, I would blow your brains out!" On this, the duke, without being the least disconcerted, called one of the young prince's attendants, and coolly said—"Give his Royal Highness a pistol." This proof of firmness produced such an immediate change in the feelings of his pupil, that the Prince fell on his knees, and in a torrent of tears, begged pardon of his governor.

Lamoignon, the amiable author, having one day had the misfortune to tread on the toes of a person who passed him in the street, instantly received a blow from the irritated stranger, which any one else would most probably have resented on the spot, the philosophic poet contented himself with merely saying—"Ah! sir, I am sure you'll be extremely sorry when you hear that I am blind!" which was really the case.

Themistocles, on seeing a stick raised against him, said to the person who held it—"Strike, but hear me!" A proof that the Athenian general did not think he would be dishonoured by the mere blow of a stick.—And in like manner, Descartes used to say, that when he received an injury, he seated himself so high above it, that it could not reach him.

Sainte-Foix, the ingenious author of "Essays on Paris," having one day entered a coffee-house at the dinner hour, and observed some one taking a jelly, said, loud enough to be heard by the party, "a jelly makes but a very poor dinner." Offended by this remark, the gentleman turning to him who made it, said, "that it was his own choice, and he thought it very strange any one should find fault with him." "That may be," replied Sainte-Foix, "but you will allow, sir, that a jelly makes but a poor dinner." This repetition of his observation irritated the stranger to such a degree, that some further altercation terminated by his demanding immediate satisfaction. As it was then the custom of every one to go armed, they had merely to draw their small swords, when the aggressor soon received his adversary's weapon; on which the former asked whether he was satisfied, and being answered in the affirmative, Sainte-Foix added—"You have wounded me slightly, sir, and I shall get over it, after a few days' confinement to my room; but if you had killed me, it would not have been the less true, that a jelly makes but a poor dinner."

However, it must be admitted, that when one has been publicly accused by a respectable person, who at the same time refuses to retract or apologize, of some of those inferior crimes, that are not cognizable in a court of law, it would appear that he is actually reduced to the truly dreadful alternative, either of bearing the stigma, and banishing himself from reputable society, or wiping it off at the point of the sword. Insinuations against character are not always forgotten in "a few weeks." It is mentioned by Bishop Burnet, that when the Earl of Rochester shewed some disinclination to vindicate his honour by a duel, the disgrace was never wholly effaced.

The principal arguments against duelling, are summarily expressed by Dr. Blair, in his sermon on Patience. This celebrated preacher premises, that though resentment of wrongs is an useful principle in human nature, and is the necessary guard of private rights, yet, if not kept within due bounds, it is in hazard of rising into fierce and cruel revenge, insisting on such degrees of reparation, as bear no proportion to the wrong suffered. "What proportion, for instance, is there between the life of a man and an affront received by some rash expressions in conversation, which the wise would have alighted, and which in the course of a few weeks would have been forgotten by every one? How fantastic, then, how unjustifiable are those supposed laws of honour, which, for such an affront, require no less reparation than the death of a fellow-creature; and which, to obtain this reparation, require a man to endanger his own life—laws which, as they have no foundation in reason, never received the least sanction from any of the wise and polished nations of antiquity, but were devised in the darkest ages of the world, and are derived to us from the ferocious barbarity of Gothic manners." On the contrary, the hypothesis of Robertson, the historian, in favour of duelling, however candid, is not the most complimentary, for, says he, "It must be admitted, that to this absurd custom we must ascribe, in some degree, the extraordinary gentleness and complaisance of modern manners, and that respectful attention of one man to another, which at present render the social intercourse of life far more agreeable and decent than among the most civilised nations of antiquity."

F. R.—y.

## ALFRED'S TOMB.

*(To the Editor of the Mirror.)*

SIR,—In the last number but one of the *MIRROR*, page 292, your correspondent, T. A. C., relates, that King Alfred was buried in the chancel of Little Driffield, in Yorkshire, unhonoured with any memorial, except that on the wall of the church there is the following inscription:—  
 “In the chancel of this church, lie the remains of Alfred, King of Northumbria, who departed this life in the year, 705.”

I beg leave to observe, that formerly there were several different Kings of Northumberland, when that country was dreadfully harassed by civil wars.—I am, therefore, of opinion, that the Northumbrian King, buried at Driffield, was one of those whose name was *Alfred*; surely this circumstance must be recorded in some topographical account either of Northumberland or Yorkshire.

But let us not for a moment imagine that Alfred the Great was interred at Driffield, for, on referring to a biographical dictionary, I find, that “Alfred the Great, youngest son of Æthelwolf, King of the West Saxons, was born in the year 849, at Wannating or Wanading, which is supposed to be Wantage in Berkshire; and after a reign of above 28 years, he died universally lamented, on the 28th of October, A. D. 900, and was buried in the cathedral of Winchester.” I remain, Sir, your constant reader,

May 10, 1824.

W. F.

## HISTORY OF ARITHMETIC.

*(For the Mirror.)*

THE importance of this noble science, from its immediate connection with commerce, and its being the basis of almost every part of the mathematics, is a maxim so universally acknowledged, that any observations in support of it, must be entirely superfluous. In comparing magnitudes together, we are frequently compelled to call in the aid of *numbers*, and many parts of the fifth book of *Euclid's Elements*, without very often referring to numbers, would almost be unintelligible.

It is uncertain at what period Arithmetic first assumed any regular form as an art, or from whom it originally had a systematic arrangement; it must unquestionably have been coeval with commerce, which must have soon taught mankind the necessity of an inquiry into the nature of numbers, without which, nothing could have been transacted, even by barter. It is generally admitted that the Phenicians, the descendants of Noah,

were the first people who rendered navigation subservient to commerce, therefore it is by no means improbable that Arithmetic had its origin with them, and that they introduced it to Europe; indeed, in forming this conclusion, we have the support of Proclus, in his commentary of the first book of *Euclid*, who is decidedly of this opinion.\*

Josephus, the Jewish historian, on the contrary, informs us that Arithmetic and Astronomy were introduced in Egypt by Abraham, (when he retired there in consequence of a famine in Canaan,) which sciences he had learnt in Chaldea.

Whatever controversy has arisen upon the point of who brought Arithmetical knowledge into Egypt, certain it is, that we are indebted to that nation for it, by its transmission from them to the Greeks (by Pythagoras), from whom it descended to the Romans.

A regular system of notation must have been the first step towards rendering numbers perspicuous, which was effected by the Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans, as also some others, by using the letters of their respective alphabets for numerical signs.

The best method adopted by the Greeks was, where the *first* nine letters represented the nine digits, and the *second* nine, the tens, from one 10 up to nine tens, or 90; the hundreds were denoted by some other letters, and deficiencies supplied by arbitrary marks for thousands, tens of thousands, &c.; although no specific treatise of their computation has been transmitted to us, we may readily estimate the difficulty, arising from such an imperfect scale of notation, from two small works collected by Dr. Wallis, viz. “A commentary upon Archimedes’ treatise of circles, by Eutocius,” and some fragments of Pappus, which mostly relate to multiplication. It is likewise said, that Archimedes employed a peculiar notation of his own in “*Arenarius*,” a computation of the number of the sands.<sup>1</sup>

The Romans also adopted their scale of numerals, from the following seven capitals of their alphabet,—I, V, X, L, C, D, and M. The several combinations, repetitions, and abbreviations, they made use of, are too generally known to require explication here.

Such were the modes in general use, till the second century after Christ, when the *sextagesimal* division was planned by Claudius Ptolemy; by which method, the unit was supposed to be divided into

\* The following passage in *Lucan's Pharsalia*, ascribes the invention of letters to the Phenicians:—

“Phenices primi, fama si credideris, ausi manus raris rudibus vocem signare figuris.”

60 parts; these again into 60 more, and so on.

To facilitate the plan, the integral, as well as fractional progression, was made sexagesimal, thus; from one to 59 was written (in the then usual manner) by Roman capitals; then 60 was called *sexagesima prima*, and thus marked (I'); two sixties, or 120 thus, (II'), and so on, to 59 times 60, or 3,540 thus, (LIX'); for 60 times 60, or 3,600, they wrote (I''), and called it *sexagesima secunda*, &c. The practice of this, though something easier than the former, must have been extremely difficult in multiplication and division, as appears by *Logistica*, written in Greek, by Barlaamius, about 1350; translated into Latin, and published, 1600.

The difficulty and imperfection of these methods of computation, must have rendered Arithmetic in a very rude state, in which it remained until the introduction of our present inestimable mode, called the *Arabian*, (from which nation we had it), although it is admitted that the Indians were the inventors.

Maximus Planudes was the first known author who treated of Arithmetic according to this system: his work is in Greek; he asserts, "that the ancient Greeks and Romans knew nothing of it," and acknowledges "the genius of the Easterns as the inventors, from whom the Arabians got it, and the Europeans from them." This author, according to Kircher, flourished, A. D. 1270, though Vossius fixes him as late as 1372; but Dr. Wallis contends, that the Arabic figures were known in Europe before 1000, (Guthrie's Table says 991,) and brought into England (during Stephen's reign,) towards 1150.

From this period may be dated the gradual improvements made in Arithmetic; as we find about 1200, an outline of a regular treatise, by Jordanus, of Namur, which was shortly after printing was invented, published and demonstrated by Joannes Faber Stapulensis.

Jordanus also wrote a work, called *Algorismus Demonstratus*, which was never printed; though Dr. Wallis says, the manuscript is in the Savilian library at Oxford. About this time another grand improvement was made by the introduction of *decimals*; though, strange to say, the inventor is unknown—the curious on this point may consult Chamber's Encyclopedia, or Dr. Hutton's, and Peter Barlow's Mathematical Dictionaries. Regiomontanus is the first writer known to have used decimals; in his triangular tables in astronomy, published 1464, we find them instead of the old mode of sexagesimals: we also find them again used by Buckley and Record, two

early English authors, and likewise by Ramus, a Frenchman; these all lived about 1550. But the first express treatise on decimals, is by Stevinus, (who also wrote on Book-keeping,) in the year 1582.

Logarithms was the next improvement, and was, perhaps, scarcely inferior to both others, viz. the Arabic figures and decimals. Lord Napier, Baron of Merchiston, in Scotland, is the undisputed inventor: his first canon was published 1614: his lordship, however, conceived a more commodious form which he communicated to Mr. Henry Briggs, then professor of geometry, at Oxford; but soon after dying, the whole devolved upon Briggs, who completed and published this form, 1624.

Having thus far mentioned the several improvements made in this noble art, it may perhaps be interesting to mention a few of the early writers on Arithmetic, shortly after the introduction of the Arabic figures. The most remarkable of them, are between 1480 and 1600. In Italy, Lucas de Burgo and Nicholas Tartaglia, (the work of the former is much commended by Dr. Wallis). In France, Clavius and Ramus. In Germany, Stifelius and Henischius; and in England, Buckley, Digges, and Record.

About the year 1629, were published, the rival treatises of Cocker and Wingate; since which time, Arithmetic has made such rapid steps to its present systematic perfection, from the scientific abilities of so many able writers, that even their names alone would almost fill a small volume.

April, 1824.

JACOBUS.

#### "JOCKIE IS GROWNE A GENTLEMAN."

AMONG the most rare ballads in the English language, is one entitled, "Jockie is growne a gentleman." It is a satire levelled against the numerous train of Scotch adventurers who emigrated to England in the reign of James the First, in the full expectation of being distinguished by the particular favour and patronage of their native sovereign. So much, indeed, was the king annoyed with these supplicants, that he issued a proclamation at Edinburgh, dated 10th of May, 1610, stating, that the daily resort of idle persons, of base sort and condition, was not only very unpleasant and offensive to his Majesty, since he was daily importuned with their suits and begging, and his royal court almost filled with them, (they being, in the conceit of all beholders, but "idle rascals and poor miserable bodies,") but their country was



heavily disgraced by it, and many slanderous imputations given out against the same, as if there were no persons "of good rank, comeliness, or credit, within it;" therefore it was ordered, that no captains of ships should transport any passenger to England without license of the Privy Council.

The following song of "Jockie is growne a gentleman," is not only humorous, but gives an interesting picture of the national prejudices, as well as the costume of our ancestors:—

Well met, Jockie, whither away?  
Shall we two have a word or tway?  
Thou wast so lousie the other day,  
How the devil comes you so gay?  
Ha, ha, ha, by sweet St. Ann,  
Jockie is growne a gentleman.

Thy shoes, that thou wor'st when thou went'st  
to plow,  
Were made of the hyde of a Scottish cow,  
They're turned to Spanish leather now,  
Bedeckt with roses I know not how.  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy stockings, that were of northern blew,  
That cost nottwelve-pence when they were new,  
Are turn'd into a silken hue,  
Most gloriously to all men's view.  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy belt, that was made of a white leather thong,  
Which thou and thy father wore so long,  
Are turn'd to hangers of velvet strong,  
With gold and pearly embroider'd among.  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy garters, that were of Spanish say,  
Which from the taylor's thou stol'st away,  
Are now quite turn'd to silk, they say,  
With great broad laces fayne and gay.  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy doublet and breech, that were so playne,  
On which a louse could scarce remayne,  
Are turn'd to a sattin God-a-mercy trayne,  
That thou by begging couldst this obtayne!  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy cloake, which was made of a home-spun  
thread,  
Which thou wast wont to fling on thy bed,  
Is turned into a skarlet red,  
With golden laces about thee spread.  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Thy bonnet of blew, which thou wor'st bither,  
To keep thy skone from wind and weather,  
Is throwne away the devil knows whither,  
And turn'd to a beaver hat and feather.  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

Westminster-hall was cover'd with lead,  
And so was St. John many a-day;  
The Scotchmen have begg'd it to buy them bread;  
The devil take all such Jockies away.  
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

*Collett's Relics of Literature.*

## THE ASHANTEES.

(Concluded from page 314.)

THE present monarch of Ashantee, Sai Tootoo Quamina, succeeded to the throne of his brother in 1779, at which time he was about seventeen years of age; his private character is said to be amiable and

generous, and his humanity much superior to his superstition and policy:—He is considered to take better care of his treasury than any of his predecessors; he cautiously extends his prerogative, and takes every opportunity of increasing the number of secondary captains, by dignifying the young men brought up about his person, and still retaining them in his immediate service.

The king's manners are a happy mixture of dignity and affability, they engage rather than encourage, and his general deportment is conciliating though repulsive. He speaks well, and more logically than most of his council, who are diffuse, but his superior talent is marked in the shrewd questions by which he fathoms a design or a narrative. He excels in courtesy, is wisely inquisitive, and candid in his comparisons; war, legislature, and mechanism, are his favourite topics of conversations. The great, but natural fault of the king is, his ambition; it has, perhaps, never proved superior to the pledge of his honour, but it certainly has, and that frequently, to his sense of justice, which is repressed rather than impaired by it.

There are three estates in the Ashantee government, the king, the aristocracy now reduced to four, and originally formed of the peers and associates of Sai Tootoo, the founder of the monarchy, and the assembly of captains: the aristocracy interfere in all foreign politics, extending even to a veto on the king's decision, but they watch rather than share the domestic administration; they also assist the king in the exercise of his judicial authority, while the general assembly of the caboceers and captains only meet to give publicity to the will of the other two estates, and to provide for its observance. Some idea of the freedom of their constitution may be formed, from the following anecdote:—

A son of the king's quarrelling with a son of Amanquatea's (one of the four), told him, that in comparison with himself, he was the son of a slave: this being reported to Amanquatea, he sent a party of his soldiers, who pulled down the house of the king's son and seized his person. The king hearing of it sent to Amanquatea, and learning the particulars, interceded for his son, and redeemed his head for twenty periguns of gold.

The succession to the throne is hereditary; the course is the brother, the sister's son, the chief vassal or slave to the stool; the sisters of the king may marry or intrigue with whom they please, provided he be an eminently strong or personable man; the blood of the king's son, or any of the royal family cannot be shed, but

when guilty of a crime of magnitude they are drowned in the river Dah.

The following are some others of their laws:—

To be convicted of cowardice is death.

If any subject picks up gold dropped in the market-place, it is death, being collected only by order of the government on emergencies.

Theft of the king's property, or intrigue with the female attendants of the royal family, or habitual incontinence, is punished by emasculation; but *crim. con.* with the wife of a man who has been so punished is death, being considered an aggravated contempt of law.

Interest of money is 33 one-third per cent. for every forty days, which is accompanied after the first period by a dash of liquor. When the patience of the creditor is exhausted, he seizes the debtor, or even any of his family, as slaves, and they can only be redeemed by the payment: this barbarous law was nearly the same in Athens.\*

In almost all charges of treason, the life of the accuser is at risk as well as that of the accused, and is forfeited on the acquittal of the latter. I understood this from the best authorities to be indispensable as a check on the palavers; envy, spleen, or covetousness, would otherwise accumulate.

The accuser is never discovered or confronted to the accused, nor the evidence revealed, until the latter has fully replied to the charge, as outlined by the king's linguists.

No man is punished for killing his own slave, but he is for the murder of his wife and child.† If he kills the slave of another, he must pay his value. If a great man kills his equal in rank, he is generally allowed to die by his own hands: the death of an inferior is generally compensated by a fine to the family equal to seven slaves.‡

If a person brings a frivolous palaver against another, he must give an entertainment to the family and friends of the acquitted.

If an aggr. head is broken in a scuffle, seven slaves are to be paid to the owner.

Trifling thefts are generally punished

\* In Ahanta, all old debts must be paid within six weeks from the commencement of the cotton, or harvest custom. The creditor can panyar or seize not only the family, but the townsmen of the debtor.

† A person accidentally killing another in Ahanta, pays five ounces of gold to the family, and defrays the burial customs. In the case of murder, it is twenty ounces of gold and a slave; or he and his family become the slaves of the family deceased.

by the exposure of the party in various parts of the town, whilst the act is published; but more serious thefts cannot be visited on the guilty by any but his family, who are bound to compensate the accuser and punish their relative or not, as they think fit; they may even put him or her to death, if the injury is serious, or the crime repeated or habitual.

If a man cohabit with a woman without the house, or in the bush, they are both the slaves of the first person who discovers them; but redeemable by their families.

It is forbidden, as it was by Lycurgus, to praise the beauty of another man's wife, being intrigue by implication.

If a woman involves herself in a palaver, she involves her family, but not her husband.

None but a captain can sell his wife, and he only, if her family are unable to redeem her by the repayment of the marriage fee.

The property of the wife is distinct, and independent of the husband, though the king is the heir to it.

None but a captain can put his wife to death for infidelity, and even then he is expected to accept a liberal offer of gold from the family for her redemption. To intrigue with the wife of the king is death.

If the family of a woman are able and willing, on the report of her dislike to her husband, or his ill-treatment of her, to tender him the marriage fee, he must accept it, and the woman returns to her family, but may not marry again.

If a husband is not heard of by his wife, for three years, she may marry again, and if the first husband returns, the claim of the second is the better; but, all the children of the after marriage are considered the property of the first husband, and may be pawned by him.

Those accused of witchcraft, or having a devil, are tortured to death.

The good treatment of slaves is in some degree provided for, by the liberty they have of dashing or transferring themselves to any freeman, whom they enjoin to make them his property by invoking his death, if he does not: an imperative appeal.

Such are the laws of the Ashantees, in many of which there is a near affinity to those of all rude and uncivilized states; and the same observation will apply to their superstitions:—

But the most surprising superstition of the Ashantees, is their confidence in the fetishes or saphies they purchase so extravagantly from the Moors, believing firmly that they make them invulnerable,



and invincible in war, paralyze the hand of the enemy, shiver their weapons, divert the course of balls, render both sexes prolific, and avert all evils but sickness (which they can only assuage) and natural death. The king gave to the king of Dagwumba, for the fetish or war coat of Apokooa, the value of thirty slaves; for Odumata's, twenty; for Adoo Quamina's, thirteen; for Akimpon's, twelve; for Akimpontee's, nine; and for those of greater captains in proportion. The generals being always in the rear of the army, are pretty sure to escape, a circumstance much in favour of the Moors.

And such unbounded confidence have they in these fetishes, that Mr. Bowdich relates, that,

Several of the Ashantee captains offered seriously to let us fire at them; in short, their confidence in these fetishes is almost as incredible as the despondency and panic imposed on their southern and western enemies by the recollection of them; they impel the Ashantees, fearless and headlong to the most daring enterprises, they dispirit their adversaries, almost to the neglect of an interposition of fortune in their favour. The Ashantees believe, that the constant prayers of the Moors, who have persuaded them that they converse with the Deity, invigorate themselves, and gradually waste the spirit and strength of their enemies. This faith is not less impulsive than that which achieved the Arabian conquests.

The Yam custom of the Ashantees is a species of saturnalia held annually, just as that vegetable has arrived at maturity, which is generally in September; at this festival, neither theft, intrigue, or assault are punishable, but the grossest liberty prevails, and each sex abandons itself to its passions; all the caboceers, and captains, and the majority of the tributaries, are enjoined to attend, and the number, splendour, and variety of animals astonished our author, while the gratification was mixed with a most painful alloy, that of the principal caboceers sacrificing a slave at each quarter of the town, as they entered.

In the afternoon of Saturday, (the 6th of September) the king received all the caboceers and captains in the large area, where the Dankara canons are placed. The scene was marked with all the splendour of our own *culte*, and many additional novelties. The crush in the distance was awful and distressing. All the heads of the kings and caboceers whose kingdoms had been conquered, from Sai Tootoo to the present reign, with those of the chiefs who had been executed for subsequent revolts, were displayed by

two parties of executioners, each upwards of a hundred, who passed in an impassioned dance, some with the most irresistible grimace, some with the most frightful gesture; they clashed their knives on the skulls, in which sprigs of thyme were inserted, to keep the spirits from troubling the king. I never felt so grateful for being born in a civilized country. Firing and drinking palm wine were the only *divertissemens* to the ceremony of the caboceers presenting themselves to the king; they were announced, and passed all round the circle, saluting every umbrella; their bands proceeded; we reckoned above forty drums in that of the king of Dwabin. The effect of the splendour, the tumult, and the musketry, was afterwards heightened by torch light. We left the ground at ten o'clock, the umbrellas were crowded even in the distant streets, the town was covered like a large fair; the broken sounds of distant horns and drums filled up the momentary pauses of the firing which encircled us; the uproar continued until four in the morning, just before which the king retired.

The next morning the king ordered a large quantity of rum to be poured into brass pans, in various parts of the town, the crowd pressing around and drinking like hogs; freemen and slaves, women and children, striking, kicking, and trampling each other under foot, pushed head foremost into the pans, and spilling much more than they drank. In less than an hour, excepting the principal men, not a sober person was to be seen, parties of four reeling and rolling under the weight of another, whom they affected to be carrying home; strings of women covered with red paint, hand in hand, falling down like rows of cards; the commonest mechanics and slaves furiously declaiming on state palavers; the most discordant music, the most obscene songs, children of both sexes prostrate in insensibility. All wore their handsomest cloths, which they trailed after them to a great length, in a drunken emulation of extravagance and dirtiness.

From this disgusting scene, we turn to one of the most sanguinary cruelty:—

About a hundred persons, mostly culprits reserved, are generally sacrificed in different quarters of the town, at this custom. Several slaves were also sacrificed at Bantama, over the large brass pan, their blood mingling with the various vegetable and animal matter within (fresh and putrid) to complete the charm, and produce invincible fetish. All the chiefs kill several slaves, that their blood may flow into the hole from

whence the new yam is taken. Those who cannot afford to kill slaves, take the head of one already sacrificed, and place it on the hole.

A few other traits are worthy of notice:—

The decease of a person is announced by a discharge of musketry proportionate to his rank, or the wealth of his family. In an instant you see a crowd of slaves burst from the house, and run towards the bush, flattering themselves that the hindmost, or those surprised in the house, will furnish the human victims for sacrifice, if they can but secrete themselves until the custom is over. The body is then handsomely drest in silk and gold, and laid out on the bed, the richest clothes beside it.\* One or two slaves are then sacrificed at the door of the house. I shall describe the custom for Quatchie Quofie's mother, which we witnessed, August the 2d, it was by no means a great one, but it will give the most correct idea of these splendid, but barbarous ceremonies. The king, Quatchie Quofie, and Odumata each sacrificed a young girl, directly the deceased had breathed her last, that she might not want for attendants until the greater sacrifice was made. The retainers, adherents, and friends of the family then sent contributions of gold, powder, rum, and cloth, to be expended at the custom; the king as heir, exceeding every quota but that of the nearest relative, who succeeded to the stool and slaves. The king also sent a sum of gold, and some rich clothes to be buried with the deceased, in the basket or coffin.

On the death of a king, all the customs which have been made for the subjects who have died during his reign, must be simultaneously repeated by the families, (the human sacrifices as well as the carousals and pageantry) to amplify that for the monarch, which is also solemnized independently, but at the same time in every excess of extravagance and barbarity. The brothers, sons and nephews, of the king, affecting temporary insanity, burst forth with their muskets, and fire promiscuously among the crowd; even a man of rank, if they meet him, is their victim, nor is their murder of him or any other, on such an occasion, visited or

\* Tum membra toro defleta reponunt,  
Purpureasque super vestes, velamina nota.  
Conjunctant. Æn. VI.

In Fantee they dress the body richly, and usually prop it erect in a chair, exposing it until it is dangerous to do so any longer; they hang it in their house, with as many gold ornaments as they can afford to dedicate. The men called the town drummers are only allowed to die standing, and when expiring are snatched up and supported in that posture. In Ashanti they frequently exhibit the body chalked all over.

prevented; the scene can scarcely be imagined. Few persons of rank dare to stir from their houses for the first two or three days, but religiously drive forth all their vassals and slaves as the most acceptable composition of [for] their own absence. The king's Ocras, are all murdered on his tomb, to the number of a hundred or more, and women in abundance. I was assured by several, that the custom for Sai Quamina, was repeated weekly for three months, and that two hundred slaves were sacrificed, and twenty-five barrels of powder fired each time. But the custom for the king's mother, the regent of the kingdom during the invasion of the Fantee is most celebrated. The king of himself devoted three thousand victims, (upwards of two thousand of whom were Fantee prisoners) and twenty-five barrels of powder. Dwabin, Kokoofoo, Becqua, Soota, and Marimpong, furnished one hundred victims, and twenty barrels of powder each, and most of the smaller towns ten victims and two barrels of powder each.

The laws of Ashantee allow the king three thousand three hundred and thirty three wives, which number is carefully kept up to enable him to present women to those who distinguish themselves, but this number being considered a mystical one, is never exceeded; but the king has seldom more than six resident with him in the palace.

The population of Ashantee cannot easily be ascertained, but Mr. Bowdich, from the military force, which amounted to 204,000, does not think the population of the whole can be less than a million; of these Coomassie, the capital is, by the Ashantees, said to contain 100,000, but Mr. Bowdich thinks the average number of residents does not exceed 15,000; this city is built upon the side of a large rocky hill of iron stone, and is nearly four miles in circumference; the markets which are held daily from eight in the morning until sun set, are abundantly supplied with meat, fish, vegetables, fruit, &c., and their principal articles of their commerce.

#### PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED

#### CATCHING A TARTAR.

Once on a time, to use an olden phrase,  
One Pat O'Murragh lived, *bekase*

He never yet had hap'd to kick the bucket;  
Though as a soldier, and a good one,  
He'd many laurels, bruises, scars and bumps  
*won*.

Foremost in battle's strife, his awkward luck it  
Was, to come in contact with a Tartar,  
Who, like our Pat, was a rainbow'd starter

For fame, and thumps, and broken noddle,  
Though oft, hard fate, on wooden pin they  
toddle;

Turn grey in service—for battles fit no more,  
And reck'ning back, they find in days of yore,  
They were much younger, stronger and the like,  
But now old pensioners, with long rusted pike,  
Telling the youth, of battles, glories bought  
At too high price, if one might judge;

Or that the prize, the veteran's life had  
sought,

Withheld by jealous fortune, as a grudge  
She owed him, for his daring her in strife  
Of arms, heedless of gift from her—or life.  
Well, as I said, Pat Murragh was hard up;

He fought, and lustily, for his own dear safety,  
And hard about the Tartar's head did larrup,  
Wid a shealeh, which he had from Hafety.  
But all no use, for Paddy's fate I reckon  
Was fixed before—for prisoner he was taken;  
But thought he'd rather be at large, he vowed  
With all his might, to call some comrade of his  
horde:

"Holloa,"—he cried, "my lads, I've caught a  
Tartar!

Than he, my sprigs, there's scarcely any  
smarter."

"Bring him along," cried one, who heard the  
noise;

"And so I would," said Pat, "my hearty joys,  
Only the devil will not stir a peg;  
Come here, my boys, and pull him by de leg."

"Och! no, Pat Murragh, 'tis only *one man's*  
work,

Bring him yourself—for as I came from Cork,  
I know too well when I've got clean out  
Of bodder!—So, dear honey! I'd have ye come  
wid out."

"Och! so I would," cried Pat, "wid all my  
will,

Only you see, my boy, I'm boddered still;  
He will not come himself—now this will fret ye,  
I'd come to you—only he will not let me."

Marglebone.

B. W.—t.

### My Common Place Book.

#### No. I.

MR. EDITOR.—I herewith send you  
(after a silence which may be perchance  
deemed somewhat lengthy,) the first part  
of selections from "My Common Place  
Book," which you will gratify me by  
inserting from time to time. You will  
find them chiefly extracts from various  
sources, and motley enough in their tint-  
ings, but they will occasionally be orig-  
inal—never before published, "and  
written expressly for our work," to which  
"long life and all utility," in a bumper  
of the best.

Our little coterie, consisting of your  
ancient friend, Edgar, (whose cauliflower  
physiomy, methinks I did lately espy,  
squinting from the boxes, at "Pride shall  
have a fall," not many weeks back—but,  
hush! (for this is rank scandal). Tobias  
Simpkin, Adelbert, and Cleishmeclaw,  
have obligingly offered to be my coadjutors,  
and believe me to remain, as usual,

Yours,

TIM TOBYKIN.

### TO MARY.

I've danced with Fanny fifty times;  
I've laugh'd with Susan fifty more;  
I've pros'd with Charlotte about rhymes,  
And Boileau, Milanié, Fodor.  
A younger came, with angel mien.  
A dove-like eye, and heart as free—  
Oh! Mary, had I never seen,  
Or seeing, never ceas'd to see.

ETONIAN.

### CHOICE SPECIMENS OF THE BATHOS PRECIPITATE.

*Sir Edmund Gulley.*—Became pos-  
sessed of a handsome property on the  
death of his uncle, February 7th, 1818.—  
Sat down to *Rouge et Noir*, February  
14th, 1818, twelve o'clock, P. M.—Shot  
himself through the head, February 15th,  
1818, two o'clock, A. M.

*Lord F. Maple.*—Acquired great eclat  
in an affair of honour, March 2nd, 1818.  
—Horsewhipped for a scoundrel at the  
second Newmarket meeting, 1818.

*Mr. G. Bungay.*—September, 1819,  
Four in hand.—Blood Horses.—Shag  
coat—pearl buttons. October, 1819, plain  
chaise and pair.

*Sir Diddle Hodiddle.*—Lauded at a  
public dinner as a tip-top Philanthropist  
and friend of suffering humanity.—Ar-  
rested same evening, on returning home  
muzzy, for non-payment of his tailor's  
bill.

### A POET.

Is the highest and strictest sense of that  
word, is he who is a *maker*, an *in-  
ventor*, whose imagination, or shaping  
power, can and does embody the forms of  
things unknown, and can create realities  
out of airy nothings. This energy, which  
is the highest heaven of invention in a  
poet, is not, however, peculiar, in an ex-  
clusive manner, to a writer of verses; it  
may exist as vitally and essentially in  
prose; rhythm and meter, are to this  
power, as two wings to a soul, investing  
it with the robes and resemblances of a  
Seraphim; therefore the wise man of  
Israel was a poet, when he burst forth,  
"Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tir-  
zah; comely as Jerusalem; terrible as  
an army with banners;" therefore De-  
mosthenes was a poet, when, by an in-  
stantaneous effort of his power, he evoked  
the canonized shades of his ancestors, and  
caused them, as it were, to flit over the  
spell-bound mob around him: therefore  
Jeremy Taylor was a poet, when he prayed  
for humility,—  
"And yet I know that  
thou resistest the proud, and didst cast the  
morning star, the angels, from Heaven,  
into chains of darkness, when they, giddy  
and proud, walk upon the battlements of

*Heaven, beholding the glorious regions that were above them.*" This power is the essence of all rightful poetry; or, in other words, it is that without which poetry is not.

ETONIAN.

#### LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY TO A FRIEND IN TOWN.

MY DEAR H. S.—Here I am, my dear boy, all alive—all alive, O!—settled right comfortably in reputable lodgings, with no care on my shoulders but an inveterate cough and a brace of game optics. You know I promised to write, and though I have nothing earthly to say, yet contrivance must be tortured to fill a mortal page or so.

Upon my arrival here, a regular fit of the mullygrubs came to pay their respects to me, and it was not till after a brilliant night's repose, that I felt myself, either in body or mind, in any thing like "fine case for use,"—to pilfer a choice *morceau* from my friend Field's advertisement in praise of his delectable brown stout. It is not unknown to you that my custom is to rise early, a habit which to one of your unpardonable laziness may seem strange, but which is not-a-bit-the-less-on-that-account-to-be-universally-admired-and-imitated, by all his Majesty's lieges who hold their health of importance. To inhale the fresh morning air was indeed a luxury—my faculties became therewith, shamefully intoxicated, inasmuch that it was deemed advisable, bodily to transport myself to the old church, and its well-peopled vicinity, in order to retrieve sobriety. Had my worthy friend F. been with me, with his good feeling and relish for such scenery, he would have had a rich treat. Methinks I behold him, seated upon a grassy turf, armed with a pencil and scrap of paper, hunting for epitaphs, and talking of former days and generations which have long slept with their fathers,—but in good sooth a man may ascend the hill, and find that he has verily climbed in vain for this commodity, for, always excepting that very rare and most poetical one, "Afflictions sore, long time I bore," not a single line may be discovered here,

To cause the sigh to heave,  
Or raise th' unbidden tear.—

But why do I touch upon such subjects to you? What could be more uncongenial? It is impossible to think, with any thing like common patience of your contemptible, paltry taste,—your vile, unliterary propensities—your matchless indolence,—and other manifold and infamous abominations. Mend, man—mend,

—if you wish not to be hooted out of civilized society. I shall lose my character by keeping company with such a "ne'er-do-weel," unless you commence an active "radical reform," forthwith, for a man is known by his company and his books.—Talking of books—but it is of no use my hinting about books to you—I must soliloquize, and my rhapsody must be its own reward. Never could I, upon any principle, account for a *circumstance* (as Dicky Suett says,) which came under my notice, of a fellow getting up to make a speech upon the advantages of reading, and actually *sticking* after hammering out three words! By the *mo-pus*! if there be any subject upon which I could enlarge with the most complacent affection, even when utterly uninspired by *peat-reek*, *gin twist*, or *old port*, it is that of my books. King Leigh's ecstasies were nothing to the torrents of eloquence, which, methinks, I could have poured forth upon such an occasion. My books—my handsome, well-arranged, charming books!—there is a delectation in beholding them—in spinning about the mahogany case which holds them—in adding to them,—which none can tell who has not the like enthusiasm with your humble servant. O, I repeat it—an elegant, select library—'tis like—'tis like—my own sweet *Tabelinda Mopstick*,

"Whom but to see is to admire,  
And, oh! forgive me, word,—to love."

But halt!—the world wags dully enough here—Yet what is that to me? I have my own sweet and profitable society, and sundries about me that I love—fine sea air—can endure my own reflections passably—have ease—time for reading, thinking, and scribbling a little. I can (I flatter myself) contemplate the present world in its proper point of view, and rightly regard its follies and its fascinations: can, above all, thank God, behold it but as a *preludium* to a more cheerful and enduring state.

I have just come from the library, and find it regularly announced in the fashionable news of the day, that I, Mr. Timothy Tobykin, have safely arrived at No. \_\_\_\_\_ Place! Doubtless this will create a splutter among the bumpkins! But I conclude, at present, by subscribing myself ever yours,

TIM TOBYKIN.

#### The Novelist.

No. LIV.

#### OGIER OF DENMARK.

OGIER lost his dear Baldwin by the hands of his emperor's son. He had been

the darling of his heart, the sweet remembrance of the happy dreams of his youth. After a fruitless attempt upon the life of the murderer, he was banished to the castle of the Archbishop Turpin; where he was doomed to confine his paternal grief within his bleeding heart, and, supported by the consciousness of the justice of his cause, patiently to wait for an opportunity of procuring redress. The successful issue of a duel with the giant Bruhier, in which Ogier conquered, and which was of the greatest importance for all France, afforded at length to our hero an opportunity of giving vent to the agonizing feelings of his heart. The murderer of his Baldwin was delivered up to him; the father was now permitted to sit in judgment upon the destroyer of his darling; the emperor, Charles the Great, and the assembled nobles, had solemnly authorized him to punish the vile assassin; and he was no longer compelled to confine his grief within his bleeding heart. Ogier's sword is lifted up, to avenge a parent's wrongs upon the murderer of his son, who, trembling, stands before him, to receive the fatal blow.

[*The Imperial tent on the bank of the Loire. Charles the Great; Charlemagne; the Archbishop Turpin; Ogier; Knights and Nobles; a numerous confus of people.*]

*Charles. (Seated upon his throne; his son standing at his right, and the Archbishop at his left hand. He rises.)* To your gallantry am I indebted for that glorious victory over the Africans, and for the peace which our empire now enjoys. The infidels have already left my country, and my subjects are happy. These are the fruits of your gallantry. The present day has had a glorious beginning for you all, and will terminate still more gloriously. But how will it end for me?—Alas! a crown is a ponderous burden; and the pillow of an emperor is too hard to be comfortable. The cares of a ruler are heavier than those of his subjects. But they are light as air if compared with those that rend the heart of a father, who has to fear the loss of his dearest treasure. No purple can conceal its agony; nor can the homage of millions give peace to it.—Ogier, I have given you my imperial word: I conjure you to return it to the father, if, perhaps, you should be unwilling to oblige your emperor. I deposited in your hands, in the presence of the nobles of my empire; and your valiant hands accepted it. I dare not retract it; but I may let this wounded heart bleed; and

you may see how cruelly it is torn by anguish. Speak;—what do you demand?

*Ogier. (coolly.)* I demand that you shall keep your word sacred.

*Charles.* And is this all?—Thy wrinkled brow and scowling eyes have spoke before thy lips gave utterance to thy words. They say that thou hast once been in love; but, surely, that love must have been a deviation of nature. Thy heart is as impenetrable as thy armour. There was a time, when thou didst gently restrain my sword, when, in the carnage of the battle, I raised it to cleave the head of the unarmed. I looked at thee, and saw thee smile. This gave me the most heartfelt pleasure.—Poor emperor, that was a different Ogier. He respected nature; but *this* is a disgrace to her plastic hands. Or have you courage enough to prove that my notion of you is erroneous?

*Ogier.* The word of an emperor should, like the word of God, be sacred, firm, and inviolable. Perform your promise, and deliver up to me your son.

*Charles. (painfully.)* You make me pay dearly for your victory. Ah, that I could return it to you!—I have purchased a heaven for my people with a hell for my heart.—No, by the eternal God! our bargain cannot stand: it has made you rich, and me a beggar.—Ogier! I conjure you by the shade of Doolin, your great ancestor, by the glory of your name, and—may I add?—by your love for your good emperor, not to break my paternal heart. See, Ogier, this youth is my son.

*Ogier. (sternly.)* And the murderer of my son.

*Charles.* Youthful rashness has made him a criminal.

*Ogier.* And me has it made childless.

*Charles. (with rising emotion.)* And therefore would you make me so too. Deliberate murderer!—That which gave the dagger to my son, should wrest it from your hand. That which excuses my son, must accuse you; and what palliates his crime, makes you criminal. Or do you think that I have brought him up to be sacrificed to your thirst of blood?

*Ogier. (unmoved.)* You have given me your word.

*Charles. (enraged.)* Well, if you will not listen to the father, then shall the emperor speak to thee! Barbarian, thou shalt not have him. (*He puts his hand to his sword; Ogier boldly moves a step towards him. Low murmurs among the people.*) Vassal, obey!

*Archbishop. (stepping between them.)* Peace, in the name of God! Stop, gra-

cious monarch! withdraw, Ogier!—It is not long that we have chanted a hymn of thanks to the Lord of life and death, for having restored tranquillity to the people, after many toils, and after the effusion of torrents of blood; should we again provoke his ire?—Pardon my frankness; my duty commands me to speak. Your welfare is more to me than any thing else. Of what use is the semblance of concord, whilst hatred and discord rage within?—It afflicts me more than words can express, to be compelled thus to speak to my emperor. But to be silent would be criminal in me. I cannot approve of your speech; for, you have sworn; nor are you ignorant of the sacred nature of an oath. The duties of chivalry will be regarded no longer, if the word of an emperor be not inviolable. Believe me, my liege, that would dissolve the ties that bind your people to your heart, and loyalty would animate no longer your faithful subjects.—Mighty emperor, you who have conquered many a haughty foe, conquer for once your own heart. Set us an example, the greatness of which will be the admiration of centuries, that will be transmitted from father to son, and extolled by every historian. Act in such a manner, that the latest posterity will be compelled to confess with astonishment:—"We can only conceive it; but Charles could perform it!" (*A long pause. With emphasis.*) Charles the Great.

Charles. Good God! must I then—  
(*his anger stifles his words.*)

Archbishop. Blessed be the moment when my emperor spoke these words. Who could now mistake you any longer?—And now (*turning to Ogier*), a few words to you.

Ogier. (*averting his face.*) Be brief.

Archbishop. As brief as if I were blessing my most inveterate enemy. You trace your genealogy to the time of the round tables; well for you that you can do it. But do you know what has eternalised the fame of that round table: the knights that belonged to it were not only heroes, but also were noble-minded men. Heroism without humanity is a keen-edged sword in the hand of a boy! and the man whose renown is founded only upon martial feats, is as quickly forgotten as a dazzling meteor that, whilst it lasts, strikes the beholder with awful astonishment, but when it has disappeared is thought of no more. Magnanimity alone perpetuates the hero's renown, and acts of disinterested beneficence render his name dear to every votary of virtue, when his clay-formed frame has been long reduced into its native dust. I am not

ignorant of the deep affliction which the loss of your Baldwin has caused to you; nor am I insensible of the justice of your grief. But, say yourself, if it be possible that the wound which his untimely death has inflicted upon your heart, be still bleeding? It must be cicatrized long ago, or you would not be a man. But say, knight, was the pain which it caused to you so sweet that you could so ardently wish to recal the recollection of it? Or do you imagine that the feelings of an emperor are in a less degree human feelings, and the tears of an emperor less affecting than those of a knight?—Ogier, consider what a noble sacrifice it would be, and how gratefully acknowledged by all France, were you to give up your right, and pardon the murderer of your son. (*with warmth.*) Say, is it not the highest degree of magnanimity, if we readily confer the highest benefit upon the man that has wounded us in the most sensible part of our heart?—Lay all your heroic feats in one scale, and the single word *pardon* in the other, and you will soon see which of the two preponderates, and be astonished at your ungenerous hesitation.

Ogier. (*provoked.*) Bishop, do not presume to teach a knight the difference between right and wrong: you do not know what becoms a knight, and what does not.

Archbishop. (*to the emperor.*) My liege, I have done my duty. It is now your turn to perform yours. I know that you are prepared; do not disappoint our just expectation.

Charles. (*in a low accent.*) Dare I act otherwise?

Archbishop. (*looking mournfully, now at the emperor, and now at Ogier.*) Ogier!—

Ogier. (*laying his hand upon his heart.*) Nor dare I act otherwise.

Charles. (*with seeming resolution.*) Deliver my Charlemagne.....(*his emotion prevents the utterance of the last syllable, and forces tears from his eyes; he averts his face.*)

(*The Archbishop silently approaches the trembling Charlemagne, leading him to Ogier, who eagerly unsheathes his broad falchion, furiously seizing with his left hand the hair of the trembling youth. Dreadful silence sways in the numerous assembly. Ogier impetuously raises the hissing blade; the emperor starts with horror; the multitude utter deep groans.*)

Ogier. (*suddenly unhands the prince, dropping his weapon. A soft smile flashes across his face. Oh, my emperor, prostrating himself,*) behold me here at your



feet! Forgive me, for having agonized your heart. Look down upon me, gracious emperor. Here am I, kneeling, and there stands your son, whose life is as sacred to me as your own. Our bond is cancelled. I forgive your son as sincerely as I wish that heaven may forgive me.—Be comforted! Your son lives; take him back from my hand.

(*Universal shouts.*) Hail, hail, the noble Ogier!

## Select Biography.

No. VIII.

PAUL JONES.

(*Concluded from our last.*)

SOME days after Lady Selkirk had been stripped of her plate, she received a letter from Paul Jones himself, written in a romantic, almost poetical style. He entreated her pardon for the late affront, which he assured her was so far from being planned or sanctioned by him, that he had done every thing in his power to prevent its taking place; but his officers and crew insisted on the attempt, hoping to secure the person of Lord Selkirk, for whose ransom a considerable sum might be expected. This he declared was the object of their first visit, and having failed in it, they returned on board, when, after some murmuring, they insisted on again landing and plundering the house. To this he was obliged to consent, though with great reluctance, adding, as a proof of his innocence, that he would endeavour to purchase the plunder they had so disgracefully brought off, from the crew, and transmit (if not the whole) whatever he could procure, to her ladyship. Not hearing again for several years, all hope, of course was given up of the fulfilment of his promise, when, to her great surprise, in the spring of 1783, the whole was returned, carriage paid, precisely in the same state in which it had been carried away, to all appearance never having been unpacked, the very tea-leaves remaining in the tea-pot as they were left after the breakfast on the day of capture. The report of his landing rapidly spread through the country, attended with every variety of exaggeration by the time it reached London. Lord Selkirk received it with the additional particulars, that his family were all made prisoners, and his castle burnt to the ground. He immediately hurried to the north, and it was not till he had gone half way that he learned the real truth. On clearing the land, Jones stood to the westward, and towards evening, making the Irish

coast, entered Belfast Loch, capturing or burning as he proceeded several fishing-boats. He was soon observed by Captain Burdon, of the Drake sloop of war, of 14 guns and 100 men; conceiving the privateer to be a merchantman, a boat was dispatched for the purpose of impressing her crew. On coming alongside, the man of war's men immediately boarded, and were as immediately secured. Jones, however, did not think it prudent to persevere in his progress up the bay, in the presence of an armed vessel in the king's service, and accordingly put about. Captain Burdon's suspicions were immediately excited by this measure and the evident detention of his boat, and not a moment was lost in giving chase and clearing for action. On coming up with the enemy, Captain Burdon opened a spirited fire, but owing to the darkness of the night he was unable to continue it with effect, and the vessels separated. But as soon as it was light the engagement was gallantly renewed, and continued for upwards of an hour, when Captain Burdon and his first Lieutenant being killed, twenty of his crew disabled, a topmast shot away, and the ship dreadfully cut up, the Drake was compelled to surrender. During the action the prisoners on board the privateer were kept in irons, but on its ceasing they were all sent on shore in the detained fishing-boats. By this time, the coast on both sides the Channel being generally alarmed, Paul Jones felt it unsafe to remain in that quarter, and therefore hastened with his prize towards Brest, which port he succeeded in making without interruption. On his arrival, he communicated the result of his cruise to Dr. Franklin, the American representative, then resident in Paris, and it has been generally supposed that the Doctor, so far from approving, strongly censured his piratical attack upon St. Mary's Isle, insisting on his restoring such unjustifiable plunder. That this representation is not true to the full extent, the fact of the above-mentioned letter, written a few days after the event, is a sufficient proof.

In the course of the following winter, he appears to have exchanged the command of the Ranger for a frigate of 40 guns and 370 men, called the Bon Homme Richard, acting as commodore, with an additional force of the Alliance frigate, of 36 guns and 300 men, the Vengeance brig, of 14 guns and 70 men, and a cutter of 18 guns, all in the service of Congress; the Pallas, a French frigate of 32 guns and 275 men, were also added to the squadron.

In January or February, 1780, Jones escaping the vigilance of our cruisers,

reached Corunna, having on board Capt. Gustavus Cunningham, a celebrated character, whose case in many points resembled his own.

Early in the disturbances with America, Cunningham had taken an active part against his country, and rendered himself particularly obnoxious to Government; but at length he was fortunately captured in a private armed cutter which he commanded, and carried into New York. The Americans were so well aware of his services, and the danger to which he was now exposed, that they took every means in their power to procure his exchange; and, as a last effort, sent a very strong remonstrance to Sir George Collier, then commanding the *Raisonnable* off New York, threatening severe retaliation: for which purpose, Henry Hamilton, Esq. lieutenant-governor of Dehors, Philip Degean, a justice of peace, and William Lambe, captain of volunteers, then prisoners, were singled out by the Governor of Virginia: a young gentleman of fortune, also, was put in irons, and confined in a dungeon at Boston:—on all of whom it was determined to proceed in every respect as Cunningham should be treated in England. To their remonstrance Sir George Collier sent a firm and spirited reply, denying that any of his prisoners were treated with inhumanity; but adding that, as it was the practice of civilized nations to punish criminals in the usual course of justice, Gustavus Cunningham standing in that predicament, was therefore about to be sent to England, to receive that punishment from his injured country which his crime: should be found to deserve. He was accordingly put on board the *Grantham* packet from New York, which landed him at Falmouth in July, 1779, and he was immediately lodged in the Castle; but no sooner was he confined, than his ingenuity exercised itself in contriving the means of escape, which he in a short time accomplished, by burrowing under the foundations.

From this time till 1783, little is known of Paul Jones; but in the month of December of that year he arrived in London from Paris, with despatches from Congress to John Adams, the American Resident. He had crossed the Atlantic from Philadelphia to France in the short space of 22 days; and after delivering his papers, he set out at three o'clock the following morning for Paris, to proceed to America.

During the peace his mind seems to have languished for active employment; and in March, 1788, being then at Copenhagen, he made an offer of his services to the Empress of Russia, and was accepted; but how or where he was employed does

not appear: that he was unsuccessful, and gave no satisfaction to his employers, may, however, be inferred from his being under the necessity of retiring to Paris, where he spent the remainder of a life now drawing to its close. The revolution soon after broke out, and not finding employment in the deranged and useless state of the French navy, his spirits failed, and he sunk into such abject want, that Captain Blackden was obliged to raise a small sum by way of subscription in order to bury him: he died in the utmost poverty, in June, 1792.

Being a Scotchman, he was deemed a Calvinist; and as the laws relating to the interment of persons of that persuasion were not then abrogated, it was necessary to make an application to the National Assembly, who not only revoked these laws as far as they interfered with his case, but voted that a deputation of its members should attend his funeral. Whatever might be the reality, a semblance of attachment to the national religion yet remained, and a few of the Assembly objected to this mark of respect on account of his being a Protestant, but this idea was scouted by a vast majority; and the remains of Paul Jones were escorted to the grave by many who were well calculated to emulate the darkest and most desperate deeds of his eventful life.

### The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

#### CHARLES II. AND MILTON.

CHARLES II. and his brother James went to see Milton, to reproach him, and finished a profusion of insults with saying, "You old villain, your blindness is the visitation of Providence for your sins." "If Providence," replied the venerable bard, "has punished any sins with *blindness*, what must have been the crimes of your father, which it punished with *death*!"

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A SUPPLEMENTARY number of the *MIRROR*, published this day, is entirely devoted to a biographical memoir of Lord Byron, with extracts from his Works, the tributes of the periodical press to his memory, and a Poem on him by his friend Mr. Moore; and we shall present our readers, *gratuitously*, with a beautiful Portrait of this distinguished Poet, as soon as we can get it engraved: it is already in the hands of an eminent artist. As the Portrait will be engraved on steel, the forty thousandth impression will be equal to the first.

We are compelled to omit all notices to correspondents until next week.

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